Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath beſtow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. My Lord.
King. My brother Gloſters voice.
Glo. My Lord, the army ſtayes vpon your preſence.
Kin. Stay Gloſter ſtay, and I will go with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things ſtayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloſter, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very ſtrong,
Ex. There's fiue to one, and yet they are all freſh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thouſand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farweli kinde Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloſter,
My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell.
Cla. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day.
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true ſparkes of honor.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thouſand men
Now at this inſtant, that doth not worke in England.
Kin. Whoſe that, that wiſhes ſo, my couſen Warwick?
Gods will I would not looſe the honour
One man would ſhare from me,
Not for my kingdome.

No faith my Coſen, wiſh no
Rather proclaime it preſent
That he that hath no ſtoma
Let him depart, his paſport
And crownes for conuoy pu
We would not dye in that
That feares his fellowſhip t
This day is called the day o
He that out-liues this day, a
Shall ſtand a tip to when thi
And rowſe him at the name
He that out-liues this day, a
Shall yearly on the vigill fe
And ſay, to morrow is S. Cr
Then ſhall we in their flowi
Be newly remembred. *Har*
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence*,
Warwicke, and *Yorke*,
Familiar in their mouths as
This ſtory ſhall the good m
And from this day vnto the
But we in it ſhall be remem
We few, we happy few, we
For he to day that ſheds his
Shall be my brother. Be he
This day ſhall gentle his co
Then ſhal he ſtrip his ſleeue
And ſay, theſe wounds I ha
And Gentlemen in England
Shall thinke themſelues acc
They were not there, when
That fought with vs vpon S
Glo. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are r
War. Periſh the man who

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